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UNION, THE CONSTITUTION, AND THE LAWS—THE GUARDIANS OF OUR LIBERTY.

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From Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post.

TEMPERANCE ODE.

The following Ode was sung at the Philadelphia Museum, on the morning of the 4th, by some three thousand voices, accompanied by Professor Rasche's celebrated band. It was composed for the occasion by E. F. Hatfield.

Air—"Bruce's Address."

Friends of Freedom! swell the song;
Young and old, the strain prolong,
Make the Temperance army strong,
And on to victory.

Lift your banners, let them wave,
Onward march a world to save;
Who would fill a drunkard's grave,
And bear his infamy?

Shrink not when the foe appears;
Spurn the coward's guilty fears;
Hear the shrieks, behold the tears
Of ruin'd families!

Raise the cry in every spot—
"Touch not—Taste not—Handle not!"
Who would be a drunken sot,
The worst of miseries?

Give the aching bosom rest;
Carry joy to every breast;
Make the wretched drunkard blest,
By living soberly.

Raise the glorious watchword high—
"Touch not—Taste not—Handle not!"
Let the echo reach the sky,
And earth keep jubilee.

God of mercy! hear us plead,
For thy help we intercede;
See how many bosoms bleed!
And heal them speedily.

Hasten, Lord, the happy day,
When, beneath thy gentle ray,
Temperance all the world shall sway,
And reign triumphantly.

From Burton's Gentleman's Magazine.

GRAY HAIRS.

A SKETCH.

By a Philadelphian.

One glorious spring morning, the peerless Horace Danvers was seated in a comfortable *fauteuil*, having just despatched a most unexceptionable *dejeuner*, which had contributed in no small degree to the equanimity of a temper too often prone to manifest sundry bellicose inclinations, but which was now reduced to a state of untroubled calmness; probably subdued by the nice exactness with which Gaspard had buttered his toast, and boiled his egg. So much is our moral peace affected by physical comfort! I have known many a man whose mental happiness (at least for a day) has been totally annihilated by a deficiency of ingredients in the composition of some newly invented sauce with a tongue-excruciating appellative, or the non-arrival of a cherished *ragout*; not meaning to insinuate that Horace Danvers bore the most distant resemblance to that gross and sensual thing called gourmand! far was I from making so vile an accusation. No, no, Horace was only a fastidious amateur of delicacies, and among others an egg claimed an especial share in his affections. We all know that a great deal of art is required in the preparation of this exquisite morsel, and Gaspard had the morning (as I have before observed), succeeded a *merveille*. Now Horace Danvers was dashing, agreeable, and handsome, could talk sentiment by the hour, and possessed elegance of form which was the envy of the youth in town, who, ambitious of attaining an equal degree of excellence, seemed to forget that this faultless symmetry was the result of the indefatigable exertions of the *recherche* of most tailors.

O, what do we not owe to ye, knights of the shears? What would be the most exquisite of elegances without your aid?—What the countless multitude of masculine bipeds who hourly throng the paces, exulting in the Apollonian width of their shoulders, without the assistance of your mighty incisive engine? Potent enhancers that ye are, ye can raise us to the very acme of felicity, or plunge us into the depths of despair. 'Tis yours to accarbate the most amiable of tempers, to unbinge the best regulated of minds. But to return to Danvers, who, though possessing the before-mentioned agreeable qualities, was not perfect, for alas! he was vain. Now a certain quantum of vanity is necessary to our well being, but Horace was blessed with a larger portion than is usually allotted to every day mortals, for you could not have convinced him by the most subtle reasoning that he was not one of the most fascinating specimens of the human race then extant. Danvers was singular, and moreover single, being of so refined and fastidious a taste, that he had never yet discovered the being whom he could think worthy of a place in his affections—no personification of a Hebe, the delight of every eye, the theme of every tongue, no exquisite compound of beauty, refine-

ment, intellect, and all those thousand nameless elegancies absolutely indispensable in the lady whom he could allow himself to introduce to the world as his wife. Not being able to find perfection, he resolved to remain a bachelor, until fortune should kindly compassionate him, and throw in his way one worthy of bearing the exalted title of Mrs. Horace Danvers; so he dashed into society, proof against the black, blue, and gray *coups d'œil* which were continually scintillating round him with a vain hope of softening the most obdurate of his sex. People wondered, as they are apt to, why Danvers did not marry, and many an anxious mother fondly deceived herself, by mistaking the polite attention shown to her daughter for a warmer feeling, and long and vainly waited for proposals that alas never were made. At length Danvers became tired of society, of mothers, daughters, fathers and aunts, and began to be annoyed by that inquiet restless feeling, to which bachelors are said to be subject—manoeuvring mamma, forward, insufferably conceited daughters, who unfortunately fall where most they wish to succeed, gaudy merchant papas, round whose portly forms still hangs the aroma of spices and coffee, and shallow minded sons, whose ideas range not beyond the senseless twaddle to be heard at *cafés*, race, or ball; and whose ambition is bounded by the possession of a neat turn out.

We are never willing to acknowledge in ourselves those disagreeable qualities (not to call them vices) which we so readily condemn in others, and Horace became disgusted by that very selfishness and vanity of which himself possessed no inconsiderable portion, and would have come to the determination of turning misanthrope had not mature reflection taught him how unpleasant it would be, to be at war with his fellow creatures. Think, ye gods! of a misanthropical bachelor! The very essence of exquisite selfishness! A being who knows no pleasure save that of being miserable (a not irreconcilable paradox), who fancies himself the recipient of all the thousand ills that flesh is heir to. A creature alone in the world, who laments, bewails, and denounces the very evils to which he chooses to subject himself. But Danvers looked into the mirror, and could not help thinking how very badly such a character would accord with his luxuriant *moustache* and waving earlocks. No, no, he would be neither misanthrope or bachelor, but where to find the future Mrs. Danvers, this diamond of the first water, in what rich mine to seek for this *plus ultra* of gems, for with no other would he ever unite himself; being strong in the assurance that did such a being exist, she would be but too happy to accept that honorable distinction. *Entre nous* gentle reader; when Horace next looked into the glass, he discovered a *gray hair*! Alas! what a pang did that little silver messenger of time cause him! It whistled one of the many unpleasant things of which we poor, vain, weak mortals are obliged to acknowledge the truth, and which, coming home to us like a moral at the end of a tale, gives rise to a thousand sad reflections, causing one to take a retrospective glance over one's shoulder, and if one has any conscience, making one feel not too well pleased with one's "thick coming" recollections.

But Danvers saw not so much to dread in the past as the future. What! that faultless form, at whose reflection he was wont so fondly to gaze, ever to become bent with age? Were palsied limbs and "eyes purging thick amber gum," to be his portion? No, no, his should never be the fate of every plebeian who chances to live long enough; he surely was exempt from such a fate; and he angrily abstracted the obtrusive little monitor from among his raven companions. That very afternoon saw Horace Danvers, disgusted with the world in general, and himself in particular, (for when we are at war with one the other is sure to fall under our displeasure,) driving rapidly towards the pretty village of B—, determined to try what effect the country air would have on his irritated feelings. But the noxious effluvia that assailed his olfactory nerves in the outskirts of the town, the endless sight of squalid wretchedness, the filthy, ragged, neglected children, whose only enjoyment seemed to consist in shrieking their misery into happier ears; dogs, dirt, dyards, factories, and stagnant ponds, only served to add another drop of acid to the lemon of his temper, which resulted in a no very guarded application of the lash to the sides of his high spirited steed, who flew like the wind, surrounding himself and his unfortunate driver with a perfect halo of dust.

On they went, and after having passed through a double file of picturesque (what is to say tumble down) cottages, whose frail damp-strained walls and crazy doors and windows, covered with insect-engendering vines, kindle the imagination of the artist, and freeze the bodies of their unhappy inmates, turned down a broad green lane, charmingly shaded by graceless poplars, whose trunks bore evident traces of a recent

visit from the white-wash brush! Horace tossed some money to the rosy boy who opened the gate, and drove up the long carriage sweep strewn with fragrant magnolia leaves, whose delightful odor amply compensated for the detestable perfume he was previously obliged to endure. In another moment he alighted at the door of his aunt's *maison de campagne*; and after this long digression we will return to the breakfast table, at which we found him seated, looking out on the lovely landscape, over whose bright green undulating hills the broad shadows of the clouds swept in quick succession, while the morning air, fragrant with the breath of his aunt's gorgeous *parterres*, came fresh and healthful through the open windows. There could not be a greater contrast than that of the emotion he then experienced, and his irritated feelings of the previous day; but as we have before remarked, a good breakfast is an admirable sedative. Gentle reader, did you never feel a strange, unaccountable calmness steal over you—a perfect child-like happiness, a very rejoicing in your existence, a momentary lifting up of the soul as it were, causing a voluntary and thankful acknowledgment of the endless blessings we are permitted to enjoy, when all nature seems to have donned a holiday suit, and the countless myriads of bright insects that people the air seem, like yourself, to rejoice in their existence, and sport merrily in the glowing sunshine, drinking in new life from his beams?

Now much as Horace's thoughts were, as I have said, occupied by himself, he would sometimes allow them to wander towards external objects, and was not always insensible to the endless beauties of nature; so there he gazed and gazed, completely absorbed in the lovely picture of sun, and cloud, and wood, and water, that lay before him, until his aunt, who sat near him, busy with the mysteries of the needle, now raised her head, wondering at his long silence, and observed, "Why, Horace, you seem to like the prospect from that window."

"Like it, dear aunt!" sighed he, as if regretting the pleasant dreams she had broken, "ah, if you lived in the eternal bustle, heat, and confusion of a city, you would learn to appreciate this exquisite freshness and repose as I do; oppose to a barrier of glaring red bricks, these hills of living emerald—to a close poisoned atmosphere, this pure and fragrant air—to harsh discordant cries, the gushing melody of birds, at this hour so calm, so soothing, so—"

"Go on, go on, Horace," laughed his aunt, "excellent, admirable, very pretty, indeed; I see you have not yet forgotten the style of a *la Danvers*, but sans jeuné, nephew, do you really admire Rose Hill?"

"Candidly, and truly then, I think it a most lovely spot, and would willingly spend the season!"

"A week, a week, Horace, not beyond that. If it were woodcock season, and you had your gun, then perhaps—but bless me," continued the excellent lady, whose eyes, unhappily for her nephew, had lost none of their youthful quickness of perception, "bless me, my dear Horace, are you aware that you are getting gray?"

With a rapidity of action terribly inconsistent with his habitual repose of manner, (that is, we believe, the word now used to express the fashionable condemnation of all natural emotion, and without which no man is supposed to be initiated in *les bien-seances* of society,) he hurriedly passed his hand through his hair, in order to conceal effectually the delinquencies which had lain *perdu* to rise and blast him, and muttering something about the effect of light, removed to some distant lounge.

"No, indeed, Horace, it is not the effect of light," continued his aunt with commendable perseverance, "no, indeed, do not flatter yourself so much as to suppose so. I observed it when you were here before, and remember remarking something about it to your mother at the time. It is astonishing when once they make their unwelcome appearance, how very rapidly they—"

"Oh aunt," interrupted Horace, who seemed suddenly to have taken an extraordinary degree of interest in a little pencil sketch that lay upon the table, "who may this have been done by? no common pencil, a bold, free touch, quite masterly!"

"O, that is the work of a little friend of mine, who occasionally spends an hour or two with me; but that has nothing to do with your silver-tinged locks, nephew mine; do you know I am quite concerned about them; let me see, next August, either the second or first, will be your birthday, which will make you just—"

"But your little friend," quickly interrupted her unceremonious nephew, "do tell me of her, I should like to know her; is she fair or dark, tall or short, fat or thin, rich or poor? At least she is talented!"

fat or thin, fair or dark, short or tall, rich or poor, (there's a combination of negatives for you) but one of the most charming girls I ever met with. You never saw so beautiful a figure, or such a beautiful pair of eyes; her *tout ensemble* a world of intelligence and beauty. She is from the south, and is staying with the Palmerstons, who live in that yellow house whose chimneys you can just see above the trees. She seems to have taken a decided fancy to me; frequently spends her mornings with me, conversing, reading, drawing, or amusing herself with my goldfinch, whose cage, as you see, is still hung with flowers of her gathering."

Horace listened eagerly; he was delighted; at length he had found the being for whom he had so long and so vainly sought. Emily Grey was Mrs. Danvers in perspective. "Dear aunt," said he, carefully rolling up the pretty drawing, and calmly taking possession of it, "this young lady I must see; you will take me to Palmerston's and introduce me. In the mean time I will stroll over the grounds, and see what improvements you have made since last I saw you," and bowing to the gentle widow, (for a widow she was), Horace walked forth in search of the picturesque, or, as it might be, with a hope of encountering the beautiful Emily Grey.

Neither looking to the right or left, but with arms folded, and eyes bent on the ground, Danvers continued to walk slowly onward, nor was aware of the irregular path he had taken, until he had completely circled Rose Hill, and found himself immediately in front of the house which his aunt had pointed out to him. And a very pretty house it was too, with its pointed roof and broad sloping eaves, its nice little diamond-paned casements, its long, low vine laced piazzas, and its garden well filled with a rich load of crimson, purple, and orange flowers; the whole delightfully shaded by a noble cluster of elm trees. In fact, it pleased Danvers marvellously. It was exactly the sort of cottage *orée* that he would have chosen; every thing was in such admirable taste, such perfect keeping. The Palmerstons were assuredly people of refined taste, since it seemed to harmonize so nicely with his own. He leant upon the garden fence, and peeping through the hedge of snow berries, indulged in a prolonged survey of this charming little retreat.

In one corner of the porch stood a garden chair, which had doubtless been occupied by Emily Grey, for near it lay a guitar and shawl; the hall door was open, and Horace seeing a lady descending the stairs, drew back, and concealed himself behind the trees, from whence he continued to observe her, hoping that it might be the little southerner herself. But he was doomed to disappointment, for no sooner had she approached, than he discovered her to be one of those who have reached an age at which a fondness for parrots and French poodles, is usually discoverable, and who solace those dull hours which are not employed in cutting up flannel, and scolding the servants, by the musical commotion of these delightful companions. Scarcely had this lady made her appearance, before a clear rising laugh announced the approach of a younger and somewhat wilder spirit, and in another moment, a light and graceful figure bounded across the piazza, closely pursued by a youth, whose ribbons also appeared to be much excited, and who, seizing the hand of the maiden lady, seemed anxiously to solicit her influence in his behalf.

"Only think, Miss Palmerston," cried he, "I have been trying to persuade your little friend here, to part with one of her pretty curls, and she will not listen to me. Only one," continued he, turning beseechingly towards the younger lady, who stood still laughing, and shaking a negative, while she gathered up her hair and pressed it close to her throat, as to prevent the escape of a stray lock, "only one little curl! What, you will not grant me this little favor, when our ship sails to-morrow, and I may never see you again?" and he ceased laughing, and looked quite grave.

Now Horace (who by this time felt persuaded that the laughing girl was no other than Emily Grey), was not a little mortified at the otherwise interesting scene; for the youth, he was forced to acknowledge, was exceedingly handsome, and moreover, wore the naval button, a distinction which he knew to have so much weight with the gentler sex.

"He was her cousin, perhaps?" Cousin! the very word sounded harsh. "What, must he lose the accomplished, the refined, the elegant, whom he had so fully determined to conquer? It could not—no, it must not be," and he again turned his eyes and ears towards the trio in the piazza.

The young lady was binding up her beautiful tresses, and trying to frown most fiercely over a pair of fine gray eyes that fairly danced with mirth, while she vainly strove to compress the pretty red lips into an expression they were all unused to wearing. Next her stood Miss Palmerston, laughing in a very unbecomingly manner, and twirling upon her

finger nothing more nor less than a pair of seasons, while the youth in the uniform, now gallantly stooped to kiss her hand, and now gazed with evident delight upon the soft brown ringlet she had so fortunately secured for him.

"A thousand, thousand thanks, dear Miss Palmerston," cried he, "a thousand and thanks for this little treasure. When I am far, far away from you all, I shall never look at this without thinking of the charming head it once adorned, or of her who so kindly procured it for me.—And now I must bid you adieu."—and then tenderly and gently approaching the blushing Emily, he took her hand and asked in a scarcely audible voice, "you have forgiven, dear Emily?"

What Emily replied, Danvers could not hear, but he saw him press her trembling hand, he saw the half smiling, half sad expression of her fair face, and while Miss P— was despatching the young sailor with an *infinite* of charges to take charge of his health, and all that sort of thing, Horace deemed it most prudent to leave his concealment, and retraced his way to Rose Hill.

Did you ever, (youth, or maiden, or whoever you may be, who have deigned to follow the footsteps of my hero thus far), did you ever, I say, with a comfortable degree of self-confidence, march boldly towards the consummation (as you thought) of any little project you had mentally resolved upon, and fled, be certain pleasant coincidences, that you were altogether wrong in your hasty calculations? If you have, you can perfectly comprehend why Horace gnawed his lip, as he walked along, and nervously rolled and revolved Miss Grey's unoffending little sketch, and why numberless field daisies and yellow butter-cups were remorselessly crushed under his feet; and why, after he had walked some six or seven yards from the gate, he turned to look once more towards the cottage, and seeing a young gentleman coming down the gravel walk with a very joyful expression of countenance, he, with a degree of ungenerally vehemence, made use of a no less elegant ejaculation than that of "Confound the fellow! what can Miss Grey find to admire in that thread-paper in uniform? However, she is too young to know her own mind yet, and before another month is over they will have forgotten each other. She is deceived handsome though. Laughs rather loud to be sure. Ah ha, Horace Danvers, she has not yet seen your incomparable self, and I marvel if your *air distingué* will not speedily eclipse your harmless young sea monster. You who are the admiration of *le beau sexe* and the envy of your own youth, who have hitherto been without a rival, whose heart has remained unscathed for thirty odd years, now to permit a boy to interfere where you have determined to conquer! Impossible!"

The next evening Mrs. Tevis, like an obliging and discerning woman, as she undoubtedly was, called on her excellent neighbors, the Palmerstons, accompanied by her attentive nephew, who could not cross the piazza without looking round him as though expecting again to see the interesting group that had occupied the previous morning; and as they entered the room in which the family usually assembled, he glanced his eyes over its inmates, and recognized in the fair girl who was seated at a piano, which she appeared to touch with no ordinary skill, the merry maiden whose parting interview with the young sailor had somewhat ruffled the equanimity of his temper.

"Do tell me, dear aunt," whispered he, "unable to restrain his impatience, 'is not that lovely girl Miss Grey?'"

"Miss Emily Palmerston," replied Mrs. Tevis, as the lady came forward, "my nephew, Mr. Horace Danvers."

Now this discovery tended marvellously to restore his wonted placidity by holding out a hope of the disengaged state of Miss Grey's affections. But where was Emily? Impatient for her arrival, he listened with polite attention to the (to him) uninteresting conversation of papa and mama, who soon after joined them, and replied with becoming *empressment* to the lively sallies of their pretty daughter, whose spirits appeared to be in no way affected by the recent separation from her lover, but whose musical laugh still rang as like a silver bell as when he was by to listen and admire.

But in spite of Miss Palmerston's pretty face and delightful animation, Horace had turned his eyes fifty times towards the door, and given sundry indications of a restless spirit, when at length the fair object of his anxiety entered the room.

When in picturing to ourselves any thing long looked for, we have allowed imagination to run away with reason, disappointment usually follows; but Danvers was an exception to the general rule, for Miss Grey appeared to him, to be the long sought *desideratum*—perfect. Beautiful and graceful he saw she was, and as her conversation soon assured him, sensible and well informed—her manner so piquant, yet so thoroughly lady-like, her voice so sweetly modulated, her laugh not a thought too loud, and then to crown all, her evident appreciation of his own ultra elegance

and brilliant colloquial powers, for Horace could clothe his thoughts in very pretty language, and by the aid of a retentive memory which assisted him to sundry borrowed odds and ends of prose and poetry, really appeared to be one of the most eloquent of men. In fact between his admiration of Emily Grey and his entire satisfaction at the manner in which he had acquired himself, the evening passed delightfully, and when his aunt rose to take her departure he could not help thinking her a terrible economist of time.

"There is nothing that tends more to elevate the mind than the contemplation of the ever-varying face of nature," said Danvers to his aunt, as they were returning towards Rose Hill. He did not appear to recollect how much depends upon the medium through which we see her, and that every thing just then was tinged with the *couleur de rose* of his own agreeable thoughts; "how beautifully," he continued, "how beautifully the moonlight mellow the distant hills; how profound their shadows in yonder lovely stream! Behold that noble group of trees, all laced with tangled vines, bathing in silver light! Oh who that has a soul can fail to be moved by so exquisite a scene? Ah, dear aunt, I feel, I feel that if I remain among these sylvan shades much longer, I shall sow my wild oats, and become a quiet, peace-loving country gentleman."

"All of which grand burst of enthusiasm," coolly rejoined his aunt—"being translated, if I mistake not, would run thus—'There is nothing tends more to elevate the mind than the contemplation of a lovely face; how beautiful the graceful contour of that classic head and throat—how soft the bloom upon that ivory cheek; how bright the radiance from those deep blue eyes! Why, who that has a soul can be insensible to so charming a picture? I feel, dear aunt, I feel that if I remain here much longer, I shall throw aside my bachelor's button, and become—a quiet, home-loving, married man.'"

"A very fair translation, aunt Tevis," laughed her nephew, "I will candidly acknowledge that you have done justice to your fair young friend. I shall dream of nothing to night but those gentle eyes and that sweet low voice;" and in truth he was right, for no sooner was he overcome by "tired nature's sweet restorer" than his busy waking thoughts resolved themselves into the most fantastic visions, in all of which Emily Grey played a conspicuous part. Indeed so completely was he absorbed in the fancied contemplation of the fairest creature he had ever seen—so wholly was his mind occupied by the all-engrossing idea that she would one day become his own, that when he awoke he could not think of anything but her; and the next morning, turning on his side, and vainly endeavoring to recall the bright image which had haunted his pillow, "I should not mind being one of the seven sleepers, if such exquisite visions attended my slumbers;" but the glorious sunlight streaming through the windows, and the strong shrill clarion of a neighboring farm yard's chattering, fully aroused him to day, and to reality.

'Tis needless to say that Horace saw Emily that day, and the next, and the next, and the next, and that each hour he spent in her society seemed to bring forth new beauties, both of mind and person, and to confirm his aunt's and his own exalted opinion of her; in short he began to discover that his happiness was mainly dependent on his chances of success as a suitor—that where he had resolved to conquer, he was himself subdued; that Horace Danvers' heart, a fortress hitherto deemed impregnable, had yielded at once to the unaffected graces and unassuming virtues of little Emily Grey. Now there was one question which never once suggested itself, which was, whether the young lady was equally well impressed in his favor. But pshaw! a doubt of that would have implied a doubt of his own peculiar powers of attraction, and a firm reliance in their mutual efficacy prevented any little *jealousie* which would naturally have arisen in the mind of any one less conceited than himself.

One morning, out of the many that saw his visits to pretty Palmerston Cottage, a morning (as a poet would say,) smiling under the bright influence of the glorious sun, he threaded his way through the wilderness of bright flowers that filled the little garden, and entered the well known room, now become interesting to him from the fact of its having been hourly graced by the presence of the fair southerner, and felt as he did so, how much there is in local association. The house she loved to read, the music her sweet voice so often sang, the flowers she had gathered, the sketches traced by her own fair hand, all spoke of her.

As his eye wandered round the room, he chanced suddenly to encounter the reflection of his own goodly person in an opposite mirror, and as these polished luxuries had been his earliest years possessed a singular fascination for him, he

approached it, and gazed at himself with feelings of peculiar satisfaction, occasionally running his fingers through his abundant locks, now to the right, now to the left, as fancy dictated. Yain as he was, gentle reader—largely as the bumps of self-esteem were developed on his cranium—I do not think, nay, I am sure, that he would not have let any one know exactly what his thoughts were at that moment, but I happening to have an intimate acquaintance with them, shall not hesitate to give them to the world. The first year, "What a confounded handsome fellow I am, to be sure!"—a fact which seemed to strike him more forcibly than ever on that particular morning—then twisting his face into a variety of strange contortions, now raising, now depressing his eyebrows in order to ascertain whether a smile or frown was most becoming, he continued, "Where can be found any one in whom as great personal and mental perfection unite? Where greater elegance and refinement? Superior personal attraction, intellect and an ample sufficiency of this world's wealth,—find me a woman insensible to these! and I will find you one without curiosity, and an I to pay Miss Grey so poor a compliment as to suppose her deficient in judgment? No, no, beautiful Emily, you cannot be less vulnerable than the rest of your sex," and with this comfortable assurance, he was on the point of receding himself, in order to await patiently the arrival of some member of the family, when the sound of voices conversing in suppressed tones outside the window, whose closed jealousy concealed the speakers from view, arrested his attention. Where he stood he could not avoid hearing every word that was uttered, and as the voices were those of Miss Emily Palmerston and Miss Emily Grey, he would not for the world, by moving to a more distant part of the room, have lost a single tone.

"What an absurd idea," laughed the little southerner, "you should have known me better than to suppose that I should feel flattered by the attentions of the person to whom you allude."

"It seems I did not know you at all," rejoined her friend, "for I positively thought that I should soon have been obliged to send to town for blond and white satin. A fine, dashing, disarming, eloquent, moonlight-loving, poetry-quoting youth!"

"Who," added Miss Grey, in a tone somewhat heightened by indignation, "is more decidedly in love with a looking-glass, than any thing else, and whose boasted eloquence only serves to impress his hearers with a deeper sense of his marvellous conceit, and boundless confidence. No, no, dear Emily Palmerston, be assured that true love will be based upon esteem, and I trust you will soon learn to know that Emily Grey can never look on Horace Danvers as any other than the self-sufficient, heartless egotist he is. Beside, the youth, as you facetiously call him, will soon be as gray as your papa."

"Imagine, if you can, dear reader, the feelings of the unfortunate Horace, as these astounding words reached his ears, at this new illustration of the somewhat homely proverb, 'that listeners never hear any good of themselves.' Completely overcome with astonishment and mortification, he sank powerless into a chair with his eyes staring vacantly through the open door through which he expected every moment to see the young ladies enter. Not for the world would he have them witness his great discomfiture. But how to avoid them? He knew they must soon discover, from the question 'it was impossible for him to conceal that they had been overheard.' What should he do? Was there no friendly outlet by which he could make his escape, unseen? They spoke again laughing to each other, as they crossed the hall. Nearer and nearer came their light footsteps—another moment they would be before him. He could not support it. With one blow he dashed open the shutter and sprang through the window.

Rising from the sad wreck of tulips and roses, stalks and leaves, which his decent had made, he hurried to Ross Hill with wonderful celerity, ordered his blacktop and drove to town, while a gentle shower arose to his lips, as his eyes wandered for the last time towards the yellow chimneys of Palmerston's Cottage.

When next Miss Tevis heard of poor Horace, he was keeping bachelor's hall—had sworn eternal fidelity to all woman kind—had sold his gray hair—died his gray hairs—and tried his utmost to banish from his memory the sad mortifications associated with the name of Emily Grey.

E. E.

HENRY CLAY.

Among all the bright names which have been enrolled upon the history of our country within the last thirty years, none have been more remarkable for the frankness and honesty of his character than HENRY CLAY. On speaking of this characteristic in this distinguished individual, the *Charlottesville* (Va.) *Advocate* goes on to say:

"The man who would rather be right than be President has never swayed either to conceal or dissemble his opinions; and hence, although he has rendered greater and more distinguished public services than any other individual now living, his claims have been overlooked, and others elevated to power as inferior to him as *Thersites* to *Achilles*.

It is not a little remarkable, however,

in the midst of all this neglect, how invariably his master-spirit has been looked to, both by friends and foes, whenever any great and imminent danger has impended over the country. At the commencement of the last war, he was the person selected by President Madison to be the commander-in-chief of the army, and he was not nominated only because the Government could not get on without his assistance in Congress, where his powerful mind and great popularity enabled him to render services, the value of which it would not be easy now to estimate—consummating all at Ghent, where, with the aid of the other commissioners, he succeeded in giving to this second war of independence an honorable, and, for us, happy and fortunate termination.

During the agitation of the Missouri question, when the best men and patriots in the land despaired of the Union—when the ship of State was fast drifting on the breakers, and he who had been placed in command knew not what direction to give to the vessel—in that dark hour, was there any one who would have placed at the helm either Martin Van Buren or R. M. Johnson? Neither were thought of, but the eyes of all turned on Henry Clay, and it was to his hand that we were then indebted for safety. And again, when South Carolina stood in arms to resist the tariff, and President Jackson talked only of the cord and the bayonet, "Henry Clay (said John Randolph) is the only man in America that can save the Union;" and he did save it. Thus, at these two remarkable epochs in our history, rendering services to his country such as it has been the fortune of no other citizen to render, and such as ought to entitle him to the gratitude of every man who has an American heart in his bosom.

And now, when a mad fanaticism is spreading through the land, which, under the pretence of establishing certain rights, would trample under foot others no less sacred, and which, in pursuit of what is deemed a rightful end, would resort to unlawful means, regardless alike of the evils they would inflict on others, or those which must inevitably recoil on themselves—who is it that has given so stunning a blow to the monster Abolition as Henry Clay? If these were the only services he had rendered to his country, (which is far from being the case,) who is there that can be brought in competition with him? What has either the first or second officer of the Government done in comparison, to entitle them to the elevated stations they fill? When Henry Clay was laboring with so much zeal during the last war, to provide the means of raising armies and equipping fleets, how was Martin Van Buren employed? What did he do to preserve the Union when the Missouri conflict threatened its dissolution? Where then was to be found this Northern man with Southern feelings? A friend to the tariff, did he also, like Henry Clay, prove himself a friend to the Union, and the rights of the States? Was he then active and prominent in tarring "the roaring Lion," (whose keeper, for the time being, he was said to be,) when, in his rage, he would have burst asunder the ties that unite us, and stained our Southern soil with Southern blood?

Of unsullied honor and pure patriotism—with nothing mean, selfish, or vindictive in his nature—thoroughly practised in the civil administration of the Government—in some department of which he has been serving for more than thirty years, his powerful intellect, during this long period, employed in studying the theory and practical operations of our complicated system—there is no one whose political opinions and views of policy (even where they differ from our own) are entitled to more weight and respectful consideration than Henry Clay's. A Virginian, too, and co-laborer of Jefferson and Madison, we have an assurance that, if he goes into the Government at all, it will not be with the ignoble purpose of punishing enemies and rewarding friends, but "following in the footsteps" of these illustrious men, with the noble ambition of recording in his country's annals his own imperishable fame.

A historical fact.

Notwithstanding that, in late years, the subject of the Public Lands has been a theme of much discussion and interest, few persons, comparatively speaking, seem to have fully appreciated the importance of the subject. To Virginians, especially, this is a subject of vast interest. Virginia has been literally the fruitful, and we may say, improvident mother of States. Her rich and fertile lands have been scattered with a bountiful hand—states after states have owed their existence to her generosity, while many, not content with what they have received, are grasping for what they are not entitled to, and claiming as the property of particular states, lands which belong to the confederacy, and which, if not appropriated by the Union, should revert to the states by whom they have been granted. On this subject the *Boston Atlas* has the following (Feb. *Intelligencer*).

The Public Lands.

We gather from a recent publication upon the subject of the Public Lands, the following interesting details. The total amount of the lands within the organized States and Territories, which, by cession from the original states, from the Indians and from foreign countries, has at any time hitherto come into the possession of the federal government, is estimated at 319,000,000 acres. Of these lands, there had been sold up to Sept. 30th, 1838, 77,000,000 acres. In addition to these sales, the government has been very liberal in its gifts

and grants of the public lands to the states in which they lie. It is provided by law that a thirty-sixth part of all the public lands within their respective limits shall be reserved to each of the new States for the benefit of common schools—and they had received on this account, up to the 30th of September last, about 9,400,000 acres.

In addition to this, they had received for colleges, canals and other purposes, about 3,400,000 acres.

In all, near 12,800,000 acres. In addition to these direct grants of land, it is also provided by existing laws, that two per cent. of the net proceeds of the sale of all the public lands shall be reserved and expended by Congress upon roads leading to new states; that three per cent. upon the net sales of the public lands within their respective limits shall be paid to the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Alabama and Mississippi, and five per cent. upon the same net sales, to the states of Louisiana, Michigan and Arkansas, for the construction of roads within those states respectively.

Under the two per cent. grant has been expended according to its provisions, \$1,455,251. Under the three per cent. grant has been paid 2,184,376. Under the five per cent. grant, 326,730.

Making the whole amount paid for the benefit of the new states, out of the proceeds of the public lands, up to the 30th of Sept. 1838, \$3,967,251. Not content with this generous treatment, the new states of late years have set up a claim to the whole amount of public lands remaining within their limits!!

The total amount of this land is upwards of 200,000,000 of acres, on somewhat more than twice the amount already disposed of. A large portion of it is of quite inferior quality, consisting to a considerable extent of pine barrens, swamps, or inundated lands.

In addition to these lands within the limits of the existing States and Territories, the greater part of which has already been surveyed and brought into market, there is another vast tract west of the existing settlements, and extending to the Pacific Ocean, which is estimated to include upwards of 700,000,000 acres.

The present value of this tract is however, very little. It consists indeed to a great extent of barren mountains, and vast plains equally barren, upon which little rain falls in the summer, destitute of wood, and to a great extent incapable of cultivation. It seems impossible for such a country as this to support a civilized population, and it will centuries at least before those patriotic visions will be realized, which on every fourth of July, as well as on sundry other occasions, represent the population of the United States as rolling westward with a rapidity that will soon extend it to the coasts of the Pacific. Along the shores of the Pacific it is likely that settlements will be formed, indeed some are formed already,—but the intervening country, on both sides the Rock Mountains, will for ages have no other inhabitants than the wandering bands of buffaloes, Indians, and hunters, by whom it is at present possessed.

With respect to the disposition of the public lands, that policy ought to be followed which will secure their speediest settlement and cultivation; and such seems to be the policy of existing laws. Any man can secure under those laws, and at the minimum price, any tract of unoccupied land which he may select out of all that quantity which has been surveyed and offered for sale. Were all the lands given away by the United States, whether to states or individuals, it does not appear probable that actual settlers would obtain lands on terms so favorable as they now do. A general division of the public lands among the existing individuals of the nation, might indeed be for their benefit, but it would be much to the damage of every succeeding generation, which instead of obtaining lands from the government at a fixed and moderate price, would be compelled to chaffer with individual owners, who would often prefer to sell the land unsettled and unoccupied rather than sell it for what it is worth. The final result of all which would be that the unsettled lands would fall into the hands of a few great speculators, who would combine to regulate their price to suit their own interest. Under the present system no such combination can exist.

FOUL PLAY.

We are greatly mistaken in the character of the people of this district, if the shameful abuse and unrelenting persecution with which Mr. Haywood is assailed by the tools of Mr. Montgomery, does not receive an indignant and signal rebuke at their hands. All fair and honorable means that may be employed against Mr. Haywood will be entitled to, and no doubt receive, their respectful consideration. But the base and underhanded attempts to injure him, which have been resorted to, will meet with a rebuff from the pure and generous of all parties, that will cause them to recoil upon the heads of their authors. With all the force with which they can be carried by the thunderbolts of public indignation, we allude especially to the invidious and hyena-like manner in which the defalcation of the lamented Treasurer Haywood has been raked up and attempted

to be used to the injury of his son, Geo. W. Haywood, because he has yielded to the wishes of the people in becoming a candidate in opposition to the President's man, Mr. Montgomery. This circum stance has been generally used slyly and secretly, but in some instances, it has been brought out publicly. But how blind and infatuated is party malevolence! This miserable device, instead of advancing the foul designs which prompted it, is calculated to benefit the high-minded and honorable individual intended to be prostrated. For, apart from the sneaking meanness and gross injustice of the thing, when the matter comes to be investigated and fully understood by the people, the character of GEORGE WASHINGTON HAYWOOD, which now stands as high for honor and spotless integrity as that of any individual in the community, will rise, if possible, still higher.

The part which he has acted, reflects the highest credit upon his character, and challenges universal admiration and applause. He was the executor of his father's will, and so soon as it was ascertained, after a long and patient investigation, that there was a deficit in the Treasury, what did he do? Did he attempt to conceal or embezzle any part of the large estate entrusted to his management, and in which he had a deep interest? No; no! He did not hesitate a moment; but as will be seen on reference to the Journals of the Legislature of 1827-28, he instantly stepped forward, and conveyed to the state of North Carolina every dollar's worth of the estate belonging to his father that he was authorized by the will to convey, though by that act he stripped himself of his all, for the purpose of securing the State from loss. The other heirs also heartily and cheerfully acquiesced in the deed.

The conveyance was accepted by the legislature; and the handsome estate of the late Treasurer Haywood was hoisted under the hammer, and sold at an immense sacrifice, to satisfy the demand that appeared against him. Thus while all believed the defalcation of the father to have been accidental, and deeply lamented the misfortune, they were filled with admiration at the noble, honorable and praiseworthy conduct of the children. If, therefore, there is anything in this whole affair which legitimately connects itself with the relation which George W. Haywood sustains to the public, it is only such as may justly increase his claims to their confidence and support. *Star*.

Correspondence of the National Intelligencer.

New York, July 17. We begin to hear the groans of the South, the Southwest, and the West, over the disorders of the currency. The Southern planter utters his lament aloud over the action of the Bank of England upon his cotton. He is finding out, and just finding out, it is remarkable, that the regulator of the currency now is not in Chestnut street, but in Thread needle street, London, and that when that regulator contracts cotton contracts—or, when that regulator refuses to discount cotton bills, cotton is rather a drug; which, together with a combination of the cotton spinners and short hours, is not just the thing to aid him in making money. Well, we of the North made all this discovery long ago. It is one of the first lessons we learnt in political economy. We now continue to puzzle ourselves with the inquiry, how long the Southern, Southwestern, and Western consumer will be content to pay from ten to twenty-five per cent. more for all goods consumed than our consumers pay, because there is no national currency. We think it will take the States off the Atlantic at least three years to work the problem out, but we have no doubt they will work it out in the end.

One of the most amusing signs of the times in the North now is the professed hostility of the Van Buren men to a National Bank. There is not the least hostility to such an institution in the Northern States, and there never has been among nine-tenths of the People. Mr. Van Buren, when he petitioned for a branch in this State, in company with all the Albany Regency, indicated the true Northern feeling upon this subject. It is very true, Mr. V. B.'s friends now cry out "monster," "awful monster," and all that but New York humbugs, and is never humbugged. All these people don't really mean a word they say. The whole Regency concern would vote for a National Bank in mass, provided they could have the control of the stock in it. You can't scare a man here with the cry of "monster," as Mr. Ritchie does in Virginia. It is all gammon, as the Yankees call it. The position in which the North now stands is this, that neither party will move for a National Bank; the Van Buren men, because they cannot, without eating up pledges enough to choke them; the Whigs, because, if other people can put up with the currency as it is, they best can—the Northern banks, infusing all over the Union a Northern currency, being theirs; the profits on the exchanges to a considerable extent being theirs, the consumers in other States paying the bills; but, more than all, they are powerless for good as long as Southern planters will be duped by New York politicians.

It is enough to give a citizen of Mississippi the heart-ache, to pick up a New York, New Orleans, or Mobile paper, and read the Rates of Money. At the head will always be found the United States Bank quoted at a premium, and then shortly afterwards the tale of woe begins, in figures ranging from 5 to 80 per cent. discount. The United States Bank, by the policy

of the democratic party, has been driven into an existence merely as a State institution in Pennsylvania; yet still its credit is such that in New Orleans it is now worth 1 per cent. more than specie. If a paper currency can be thus made better than specie, in such times as these, how exceedingly desirable such an institution would be in every portion of the Union. Such a worthless currency as we now have in Mississippi, could never have been palmed upon the people if this bank had been carried on as a national institution, with branches in each of the States, *Macon (Miss.) Intel.*

Another Sub-Treasury Swartwouted.

The notorious Hocker, who withheld the poll books in the election between Letcher and Free Tom Moore, and was rewarded by Amos Kendall with a Post Office for doing so, has fobbed the public money and abandoned. Such a result was to be anticipated. So long as the Federal Executive acts upon the principle of preferring a man of bad to one of a good character for stations of trust and responsibility, we must expect numerous instances of peculations and defalcations. That rule of action constitutes the true cause of the vast and unprecedented numbers that have occurred during the last 5 years; and until it ceases to operate the evil which it occasioned will continue to exist. It is preposterous to suppose that rogues can be made honest men of by being placed in a position where they can gratify their ruling propensity, that of picking and stealing, without limit and without fear of punishment. After Hocker had proven himself a scoundrel by committing perjury in regard to the poll books, no Administration which had any respect for the public morals or the public interests, would have bestowed upon him public honor, or confided to him the custody of the public money. *Richmond Whig*.

Temper.—I don't know where that boy got his temper, he did not take it from me."—Why no, my dear, I don't perceive that you have lost any!" was the affectionate reply of the *spous*.

Application of Galvanism and Magnetism to Machinery.—There is now in operation, at No. 58 Gold street, in the city of N. York, a machine, propelled by a galvanic battery, on four electro magnets, which furnishes a mechanical power already applicable and useful for many purposes.

The motive wheel of this machine is five feet in diameter, weighing about four hundred pounds, and the magnets, when under the action of galvanism, cause it to revolve forty or fifty times in a minute, for many hours in succession. Nothing can be simpler than the operation of this machine, which is on a plan entirely new, and quite different from that of the machines propelled by this power which have heretofore been exhibited to the public.

The vivid sparks of electricity which are constantly emitted, while this engine is in motion, bear evidence to the tremendous energy of the power now brought under the control of man for useful purposes of life. No reason can be assigned, we believe, why this power cannot be increased indefinitely. Incalculable benefit would be conferred upon society by the discovery of this new and simple mechanical power, if it were only available from that of a single man to that of one or two horses, where the employment of steam is dangerous and expensive. We advise the friends of science and the arts to visit this machine, as it may be seen daily in operation at the place above mentioned. *N. Y. Com. Adv.*

The following information is from returns made in the Post Office Department, and has been politely handed to us for publication: *Globe*.

Newspapers, Magazines, and Periodicals, published in the United States, Jan. 1st, 1839.

Maine	41
New Hampshire	26
Vermont	31
Massachusetts (at Boston, 63)	124
Rhode Island	14
Connecticut	31
New York (at N. York city, 71)	274
New Jersey	39
Maryland (at Baltimore, 30)	48
Pennsylvania (at Philadelphia, 71)	253
Delaware	3
District Columbia (at Washington 11)	16
Virginia (at Richmond 10)	52
North Carolina	30
South Carolina	20
Georgia	33
Florida Territory	0
Alabama	34
Mississippi	36
Louisiana (at New Orleans 10)	36
Arkansas	4
Tennessee	50
Kentucky	31
Ohio (at Cincinnati 27)	164
Michigan	31
Wisconsin Territory	3
Iowa Territory	3
Indiana	69
Illinois	33
Missouri	25

Of the above 116 are published daily, 14 tri weekly 30 semi-weekly, and 991 once a week. The remainder are issued semi-monthly, monthly, and quarterly, principally magazines and reviews. Many of the daily papers also issue tri-weekly, semi-weekly and weekly. Thirty-eight are in the German language, four in the French, and one in the Spanish. Several of the New Orleans papers are printed in French and English.

of the democratic party, has been driven into an existence merely as a State institution in Pennsylvania; yet still its credit is such that in New Orleans it is now worth 1 per cent. more than specie. If a paper currency can be thus made better than specie, in such times as these, how exceedingly desirable such an institution would be in every portion of the Union. Such a worthless currency as we now have in Mississippi, could never have been palmed upon the people if this bank had been carried on as a national institution, with branches in each of the States, *Macon (Miss.) Intel.*

WHEAT AND MARRIAGES.

The Massachusetts Spy has gathered up the following as one of the modern discoveries of the politicians of the day, that the high price of agricultural production diminishes the number of matrimonial contracts. The proof is sought in the statistics of England, and a table was exhibited by Mr. Rantoul in one of his lectures, showing that love rose and fell with the market value of grain. The evidence is contained in the columns of figures below, expressing the price of wheat and the number of marriages in the United Kingdoms of Great Britain.

Years.	Price.	Marriages.
1791	50s. 8d.	71,790
1795	72s. 11d.	68,839
1798	50s. 4d.	79,477
1799	66s. 11d.	77,557
1800	110s. 5d.	69,851
1801	115s. 11d.	67,288
1802	67s. 9d.	90,396
1803	57s. 1d.	94,379
1815	63s. 8d.	99,444
1816	70s. 2d.	91,946
1817	94s. 0d.	88,234

The average price of wheat in each year above stated is 75s. of marriages, 81,791. *N. Y. Express*.

Brating a Lady into Love.—At

Chilmsford Petty Sessions, on Tuesday, a young laborer, named Henry Bunn, was charged with endeavoring, by certain blows, bruises, and sixty cuffs, to make a lady, named Jane Quilter, fall violently and desperately in love with him. It appeared that Mr. Henry had, for the last twelve months, been pouring a flood of rustic eloquence into the ears of Miss Jane. But it was all labor lost—Jane's heart remained as hard as a Norfolk dumpling, and Mr. Bunn had meditated upon suicide in all its different forms and phases, when a friend suggested a trial of the beef steak principle—beating till she was tender. Accordingly he proceeded to her house at Woodham Ferris, on Sunday last, and put the advice into immediate practice; but the more he beat the harder Jane grew, and neither the application of fists, knees, or hob-nailed shoes, could induce her to turn a yielding glance on the swain, and gently whisper, "dear Henry, I cannot resist these pressing appeals—I'm yours." No; instead of taking him to her own arms, she consigned him to the arms of a constable. Henry now pleaded his passions in justification of the blows, but this not being admitted by the bench, he was fined 5s and costs, which he paid, and left the court, casting "looks that burn" at the winking face which had flicked his heart and emptied his leathern purse of 18s 6d.

An Old Man.—Taylor's Annals of Health and Long Life, mention as the most remarkable instance of longevity in British history, that of Thomas Carn, who according to the Parish Register of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, died January 23, 1838, at the astonishing age of 207 years. He was born in the reign of Richard I. anno 1181, and lived in the reign of twelve kings and queens, namely, Richard 1st, Henry 4th, 5th and 6th, Edward 4th and 5th, Richard 3d, Henry 7th and 8th, Edward 6th, Mary and Elizabeth.

ANECDOTE.

Some years ago, a lady noticing a neighbor of hers was not in her seat at church on Sabbath, called on her return home, to inquire what could detain so punctual an attendant. On entering the house she found the family busy at work. She was surprised when her friend addressed her thus: "Why did you have you been to-day, dressed out in your Sabbath day clothes?" "To meeting."

"Why what day is it?" "Sabbath day."

"Sabbath day! Well I don't know, for my husband has got so darned stung he won't take the papers now, and we know nothing. Well who preached?"

"Mr. —"

"What did he preach about?"

"It was on the death of our Saviour."

"Why is he dead?—well, well, all Boston might be dead and we know nothing about it; it won't do, for my husband has the newspaper again, for every thing goes wrong without the paper: Bill has almost lost his reading, and Polly has got quite morbid again, because she has got no poetry to read. Well, if we have to take a cart-load of onions and potatoes to market, I'm resolved to have a newspaper."

...ity of the people of this
which the said two Senators
to obey because the word instruct
not employed? Were they "Fed-
al Whigs?" Verily, the Standard
to be the Standard, display an adroitness
in cutting "the double shuffle"
which would do credit to the most nimble
"cuffy" in the land. We should
suppose this attack of the Standard would
rub upon a sore place in a party who, but
a few short months ago, labored so hard
to justify their Senators in disregarding
the express will of their constituents;
and when one of their party declared
on the floor of Congress that the sub-
treasury would be carried into effect, "in
spite of the lamentations of the people
there and elsewhere"—or, in the words
of the Standard, "notens volens the peo-
ple!"

"A Democratic Republican," says the
Standard, "will not go contrary to the
doctrine of instructions, because that doc-
trine forms a part of his political belief!"
Yet Messrs. Brown and Strange refuse
to obey the expressed wishes of their con-
stituents attempting to shield themselves
behind a misy subterfuge. But the Federal-
ists do not acknowledge it, & should
not be trusted when they make such pre-
tences," mutters the Standard; yet Mr.
Mangum tho' proper to resign, when he
believed to obey would have been a vi-
olation both of the constitution and his
oath. Can the Standard reconcile this
disagreement between his creed and the
practice of his party?

CELEBRATION AT THE HIGH FALLS.

A large number of the citizens of the
western part of Orange assembled on the
4th inst. at the High Falls on Haw River,
to commemorate the anniversary of our
glorious independence, a day which
should be remembered and respected by
every American citizen. Capt. Dickey
was chosen Marshal of the day. George
Hurdle, esq. president, John Schott vice
president, Jesse Gant and Michael Holt
secretaries. Gen. Trolinger, by previ-
ous request, made a few remarks appro-
priate to the occasion; after which a pro-
cession was formed, headed by an excel-
lent band of music, which marched up to
the residence of Col. McCuistin, where
every thing that the eye delights to be-
hold or the palate to taste, were prepared
in a most sumptuous manner. The con-
stant firing of cannon, and the reading
and drinking of toasts, followed by cheers
of rejoicing; the presence of several old
revolutionary soldiers, who seemed de-
lighted on the occasion; all combined to
give new life and animation to all pre-
sent. The utmost harmony and good
feeling prevailed during the whole day,
uninterrupted by any serious accident.

REGULAR TOASTS.

1. North Carolina—The first to de-
clare independence, true to protect Amer-
ican rights and liberties, and we hope
will be the last to surrender them.
2. The 4th of July 1776—The day
we celebrate; since which time the au-
thority of kings has been trodden under
the feet of American freemen.
3. The signers of the Declaration of
American Independence—A band of pa-
triotic statesmen.
4. The departed soldiers of the Revo-
lution—We hold them in grateful re-
membrance for the liberty we now enjoy.
5. The surviving soldiers of the Revo-
lution—who have enjoyed the fruits of
their labors for more than sixty years,
may their country never forsake them.
6. The old veterans of '76—whose
presence gives us pleasure, and whose
services do them honor—may their ex-
amples be followed by the rising genera-
tion.
7. The memory of George Washing-
ton—Truly "the father of his country."
8. Our Republican Institutions—estab-
lished by the blood of our forefathers,
they must be sustained even by the shed-
ding of ours.
9. The Constitution of the United
States—enacted by the old thirteen states,
now adopted by twenty six states—may it
survive the storms of centuries to come.
10. Our Navy—may it continue to
float on every sea, and be respected by
all nations.
11. The star spangled Banner—may it
ever be the standard of our country in
war, and the emblem of liberty in peace.
12. A well regulated Militia—The
surest and strongest protection of our li-
berty.
13. The Matrons of the Revolution—
may they be long remembered on account
of their patriotism—and may their daugh-
ters inherit the fruit of their labors in that
struggle.

VOLUNTEERS.

By George Hurdle. The canopy
which now protects us from the rays of
the sun, shows the industry and ingenu-
ity of our manufacturers.

By the Marshal. Happiness to the
old veterans who fought for our liberty
and independence.

By John Scott. Our Cotton Factories

of the South, and particularly the High
Falls and our ingenious superintendent—
may they flourish and prosper.

By Dr. Watson. Our University—
may she continue to send forth her talent-
ed alumni, until they shall be found in
every part of our happy union.

By Col. Gant. The old Bachelors—
may they face their spectacles with great
fortitude, that they may see the error of
their ways more clearly, always taking
them off when looking for the old maids
beauty.

By Mr. Bacon. The Declaration of
Mecklenburg, and the battle of Bunker's
Hill—two memorable epochs, never to be
forgotten by American citizens.

By Mr. Jennings. The manufacturers
of the south—may they continue to in-
crease until the northern and foreign ma-
nufactures shall be excluded from our
ports.

By Gen. Trolinger. Education—
may North Carolina continue her efforts
to adopt common schools, until all her
sons and daughters have the advantage of
an education.

By Chesley F. Faucett, esq. Internal
Improvement—a general, liberal, and ju-
dicious system of internal improvement,
the morning and rising star of our national
greatness.

By Jno. Trolinger, esq. The Morus
Multicaulis, a stranger from a foreign
land—may it have an honorable home
with us.

The Boundary.—The following is an
extract from a London letter in the Que-
bec Gazette, dated June 12:—

"I think you may take it as certain,
that a special convention has either left
this country, or will speedily be sent to
America, for arranging the basis of a
settlement of the disputes with the gov-
ernment of the United States, relative
to the boundary question.

Her Majesty's advocate, Sir John
Dodson, has, for some time, been engaged
in drawing up this convention, which, I
am told, is in strict conformity with the
instructions sent to the American minister
at our Court. The other mentioned facts
I am not at liberty, at present, to com-
municate. But I think the knotty point
is in a fair train of arrangement.

Miss Mary N. Macnamara, daughter
of Col. Robert Macnamara, was killed
near Salisbury on the 10th inst. by be-
ing thrown from a horse.

There is said to be a partial revival of
the Specie Circular in the West. The
Receivers of the Land Offices in Illinois
refuse to take the notes of the banks of
that state, and only receive gold or silver,
or the notes of the Bank of Missouri.

Southern Manufactures.—The large
dividends declared by several of the Cot-
ton Factories near Petersburg have very
much surprised their Northern competi-
tors. In a few cases has Yankee enter-
prise been more successful than the un-
dertakings of our Virginia brethren. The
time is coming when the chain of de-
pendence will be upon other necks.

It is computed that the millers at
Rochester, New York, will lose half a
million of dollars by the favorable state of
the crops of wheat.

The real estate belonging to the city of
New York amounts to over twenty-three
millions of dollars.

Owing to the large bounty given by
the state of Georgia, the silk business is
thriving finely in that section. They are
about establishing a silk Journal in that
state.

Notes of the Brandon Bank were selling
at New Orleans on the 1st inst., at
from 75 to 80 per cent discount. Texas
Treasury Notes at from 55 to 60 per cent
discount.

From the Christian Advocate and Journal.

Old School and New School.—At the
meeting of the General Association of
Congregational clergymen of Connecticut
at Danbury, week before last, the Rev. Dr.
Cox, of Brooklyn, presented himself as
delegate from the New School General
Assembly of the Presbyterian Church.

Some members objected to receiving de-
legates from either Presbyterian body un-
til it should be finally settled which was
the real General Assembly. There was
a good deal of discussion, and a large num-
ber, though a minority of the whole, very
resolutely opposed taking any step which
could be possibly injure Congrega-
tionalism in Presbyterian quarrels. Dr.
Cox finally withdrew his request to be
admitted as a corresponding member, and
so the matter ended.

Northampton Whig.

Weekly Almanac.

JULY.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	M. M.	N. M.	W. M.	F. M.
25 Thursday	5 07 0	7 40 0	11 40	11 40	11 40	11 40
26 Friday	5 10 0	7 35 0	11 40	11 40	11 40	11 40
27 Saturday	5 13 0	7 30 0	11 40	11 40	11 40	11 40
28 Sunday	5 16 0	7 25 0	11 40	11 40	11 40	11 40
29 Monday	5 19 0	7 20 0	11 40	11 40	11 40	11 40
30 Tuesday	5 22 0	7 15 0	11 40	11 40	11 40	11 40
31 Wednesday	5 25 0	7 10 0	11 40	11 40	11 40	11 40

Hillsborough Debating Society.—The fol-
lowing is the Query selected for discussion at
the regular meeting of this Society on Tuesday
night next:

"Ought Senators to give instructions?"
By the Secretary.

July 17, 1839.

A Methodist Protestant Camp
Meeting will be held at the Ridge Meet-
ing House in Orange County on Friday
the 27th of September next.

Military Election.

AN election for Colonel Commandant,
Lieutenant Colonel, and Major, for
the Forty-Seventh Regiment of North-
Carolina Militia, will be held at Hillsbo-
rough on the last Saturday in August
next.

WILLIAM BARLOW,
Senior Captain.
July 24. 80—

Mattresses.

EITHER Double or Single, made to
order—an article of great comfort,
either in summer or winter. Orders left
at the office of the Hillsborough Recorder
will be duly attended to,
July 24. 80—

Look at this!

WHEREAS William Olen, sen. of
Orange county, has obtained two
notes of hand from me, payable to him,
as follows: one note for twelve dollars
and fifty cents, payable the 25th of De-
cember, 1839, with John W. Hancock
security; and one note for ten dollars,
payable the 25th of December, 1840,
without security. This is, therefore, to
caution all persons from trading for said
notes, as they were fraudulently obtained,
and I am determined not to pay them on-
ly at the end of the law.

JOHN H. TILLY.
July 17. 80—

La Langue Francaise.

THE subscriber most respectfully informs
his friends and the public in general that
he continues to give lessons at the Female
Academy. Any Ladies desirous to join the
class at the Academy may do so if early ap-
plication is made. No pains shall be spared
to improve and perfect in this useful and polite
language, those who place themselves under
his tuition. It will not be amiss to state also
that he is a native of France and has been for
many years an experienced and successful
teacher in America. For further information
apply to

J. ODEND'HAI.
P. S. Private lessons given when required.
A la Chaux de France.
July 25th, 1839. 80—

\$100 Reward.

RANAWAY from the subscriber on last Sa-
turday night, a very bright mulatto Boy
by the name of WARNER, about five feet two
inches in height, nineteen years of age, spare
made, straight black hair, black eyes, genteel in
his appearance, very polite in his manners,
speaks quick, and is somewhat conceited; has
small scars on the back of one of his hands,
and is freckled under his eyes; it is possible
that he may have, by some means, obtained
free papers. He took with him two suits of
clothes, one of gray broadcloth, frock coat and
pantaloons, the other of homespun, copers
color, roundabout and pantaloons, and a black
fur hat, about half worn. It requires close in-
spection to distinguish him from a white per-
son. It is supposed that he has gone in the
direction of Lynchburg, or Hillsborough, or
down the river.

I will give the above reward if taken over
twenty miles from home; over ten miles
within twenty, \$30; within five miles, \$10, if
he is returned to me, or lodged in jail so that
I get him again.

NATHL. P. THOMAS,
Near Milton, N. C.
July 10. 80—

GOELICK'S Matchless Sanative.

THE subscriber keeps this invaluable medi-
cine for sale at Pleasant Grove Post Of-
fice, Orange County. Its merits have been
abundantly tested in the cure of the Consump-
tion, diseases of the Liver, &c.

GAB. B. LEA, Agent.
Pleasant Grove, Orange, April 8. 64—

GOELICK'S Matchless Sanative.

THIS invaluable medicine, which has pro-
ved a most efficacious cure in the Consump-
tion, and other diseases of the liver, is kept
constantly for sale by the subscriber, at Hart-
born Post Office, Orange county.

HENRY FOGLEMAN.
March 13. 61—

Commission & Forwarding Business.

THE subscribers have established them-
selves in Wilmington for the transaction
of the above business, and solicit a share of
public patronage. Having been accustomed
to the business, and intending to devote their
attention exclusively to it, they pledge them-
selves to give satisfaction to those who may
patronize them. Merchants living in the in-
terior may rely on having prompt and early
advice of arrival and shipment of their Goods,
and those who supply themselves with Groceries
from Wilmington, will be regularly advised
of arrivals, and the state of the market. Strict
attention will also be given to the sale of Pro-
duce, Lumber, Timber, &c.

MAGARY & M-TAGGART.
Wilmington, May 20, 1839. 72—

A FRESH SUPPLY OF Confectionaries, &c.

MRS. VASSEUR
HAS the pleasure to inform the public, that
she has just received a large supply of
articles in her line, among which are,
Candies,
Nuts of various kinds,
Preserved Sweetmeats,
Raisins, Currants, Dates and Prunes,
Oranges and Lemons,
Cocoas Nuts,
Sugars of various kinds,
Toys for Children,
and a variety of articles too numerous to men-
tion. The Fruit and Nuts are of the last
year's crop, and of excellent quality.

She has also several jars of fine SPICED
OYSTERS, which will be sold by the jar at a
reduced price. The article is excellent.

Mrs. V. would also inform the
public, that she has just put her SODA FOUN-
TAIN in operation, and will furnish to her
customers this refreshing draught every day
in the week, Sunday excepted. She will have
ICE CREAM also, on all the said days, except
Monday.

The public are respectfully invited to give
her a call.
June 5. 73—

Public Sale.

WILL be sold at the residence of William
Holt, (Captain.) on Thursday the 15th
day of August next, on a credit of six months,
His Crop of CORN, WHEAT, OATS,
HAY, FODDER, &c.
Cattle, Hogs, Sheep, &c. &c.
Farming Utensils, and a good Wagon,
Household and Kitchen Furniture,
and other articles too numerous to mention.
Terms will be made known on the day of sale.

WILLIAM HOLT.
July 17. 79—

Attention!

HEAD QUARTERS,
Trolinger's Bridge, Orange County,
N. C. July 16th, 1839.

To the Officers of the Sixth Brigade of
North Carolina Militia.

YOU are hereby commanded to attend at
your usual parade grounds, with your re-
spective commands, armed and equipped as
the law directs, for parade and review, with
six rounds of powder, on the following days,
to wit:
The 56th Regiment on the 17th of Sept.
The 55th Regiment on the 19th of Sept.
The 54th Regiment on the 21st of Sept.
The 45th Regiment on the 24th of Sept.
The 47th Regiment on the 26th of Sept.
The 48th Regiment on the 28th of Sept.
The 49th Regiment on the 1st of Oct.

By order of
BENJAMIN TROLINGER,
Brigadier General.

AUSTIN WHITSITT, Aidcamp.
July 17. 79—

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the Post Office at Hillsbo-
rough, N. C., on the 1st day of July,
1839, which if not taken out in three
months, will be sent to the General
Post Office as dead letters.

- | | |
|---|------------------|
| Rev. Solomon Apple Duke Jordan | Wm. C. Jackson |
| Wm. Anderson | Wm. G. Jackson |
| Hand Anders | K |
| John Bingham | L |
| Job. Berry | John Lockhart |
| Sam'l Bumpass 2 | M |
| James Brown | Mr. McCracken |
| W. Brannock | Wagon-maker |
| Mrs. Sally & Julia James Murphy | H. C. McDade |
| Butlers | James Mallette |
| Lewis Craven | Wm. McKeall |
| David Chisenhall | N |
| James H. Christie | O. Newlin |
| Kenneth M. Clark | Wm. P. Nelson |
| Joseph Colwell | O |
| Reubin Carden 2 | Ellen O'Ferrell |
| Benj. Crutchfield | P |
| Thomas Cate | John Primrose 2 |
| Polly Campbell | R |
| Wm. Carrington | James Riggs |
| Benj. Cole | John Redden |
| Thomas Couch | James Ray |
| Baxter Davis | Wm. W. Roberts |
| James Dougherty | John Scott |
| Patrick Dosier | James Smith and |
| Elizabeth W. For-Tempy Seward | James Brown |
| Sam'l Forsythe | Sam'l Thomson |
| Th. T. J. Fowler 2 | Ellen S. Thomson |
| Moses W. Guess | L. M. Woods |
| Richard Henslee | David Williams 3 |
| Wilson Horner | James Workman |
| Thos. B. Hill | Wm. H. Woods 3 |
| Geo. W. Haywood | Wm. A. Whitfield |
| Thos. W. Holden 2 | Lemuel Wilkerson |
| Austin Jeffries | Hillery Yearain |
| Persons calling for any of the a-
bove letters will please say they are ad-
vertised. | |
| THOS. CLANCY, P. M.
July 1st, 1839. 77— | |

Hillsborough Academy.

THE Fall Session will begin on Thursday the
8th of August. Such is the arrangement of
classes, that any probable number of scholars
can receive ample and efficient attention.

Classical Dep. J. A. Bingham.
Tuition \$15 in advance. A. H. Ray.

English Dep. A. H. Ray.
Tuition \$15 in advance. S. W. Hughes.

The Raleigh Register, Star and Stand-
ard, Northern Spectator, Edenton Gazette,
Fayetteville Observer, Wilmington Weekly
Chronicle, and Western Carolinian will insert
the above three times, and forward their ac-
counts.

June 19. 75—3w

UNION HOTEL.

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C.

MARY A. PALMER & SON respect-
fully tender thanks to their friends
and the public generally, for the very li-
beral patronage heretofore extended to
them; and would inform the public that
they have put themselves to considerable
pains and expense in repairing and fitting
up their establishment, that stronger in-
ducements may be offered for public pa-
tronage.

Due attention will be paid to their Ta-
ble, which shall be furnished with the
best the market can afford.
Their Bar will be supplied with Li-
quors of the best quality, and in abun-
dant.

The travelling public are invited to give
them a call, and they are assured that
every exertion will be made to give sat-
isfaction.

Two or three families can be ac-
commodated with board and good rooms.
The Raleigh Standard will insert the
above three weeks.

June 19. 75—

BLANKS for sale at this Office.

FEMALE SCHOOL IN HILLSBOROUGH.

THE Fall Session of Mrs. & Maa. Bur-
well's School, will commence on the
first Monday in August.

English Studies, \$17 50
Music, 25 00
Drawing, 10 00
French, 15 00

Those desiring more information, are
referred to the following gentlemen, most
of whom have children or wards at this
school.

Hon. F. Nash,
Dr. James Webb,
J. W. Norwood, esq., Hillsborough.
W. Cain, sen. esq.
Judge Mangum, Orange.
Rev. D. Lacy, Raleigh.
Rev. F. Nash, Lincoln.

The Raleigh Register and Star will insert
four times each.
June 15. 75—

HILLSBOROUGH FEMALE ACADEMY.

THE Trustees of this institution, take plea-
sure in announcing to Parents and Guard-
ians that the exercises of the ensuing session
will commence on the 15th July next. The
well known qualifications of those engaged in
conducting it, the great advantages of its loca-
tion in point of health, and the eminent morali-
ty of the community in which it is situated,
conspire to give this Academy high claims on
the confidence of the public. The studies of
the classes are as follows:

- Of the 1st Class.—Spelling, Reading, Writ-
ing, Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography, with
the use of the Globes, History, Natural Philo-
sophy, Chemistry, Mythology, Botany, Rhetor-
ic, Astronomy, Dictation and Composition.
- Of the 2nd Class.—Spelling, Reading, Writ-
ing, Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography, with
the use of the Globes, History, Natural Philo-
sophy, Chemistry, Dictation and Composition.
- Of the 3d Class.—Spelling, Reading, Writ-
ing, Arithmetic, Grammar and Geography.
- Of the 4th Class.—Spelling, Reading, Writ-
ing, and the Tables in Arithmetic.

TERMS OF TUITION, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------|
| First Class, | \$17 00 |
| Second Class, | 15 00 |
| Third Class, | 15 00 |
| Fourth Class, | 12 00 |
| Music on Piano or Guitar, | 25 00 |
| Drawing and Painting, | 12 00 |
| French Language, | 15 00 |
| Working on Canvas, | 5 00 |
| Working on Muslin, | 3 00 |

J. S. SMITH,
C. D. JONES, Sen'r,
WM. CAIN,
HUGH WADDELL,
STEPHEN MOORE,
NATHAN HOOKER,
P. H. MANGUM.

The Raleigh Star and Standard will in-
sert four times.
June 19. 75—4w

Notice.

PROPOSALS will be received by the un-
derigned on or before the 1st of August, for
making a sidewalk on the south side of King
Street, from Mr. Brown's to Maj. Taylor's
premises; and on the east side of Churton
Street, from King to Tryon Streets. The
walk to be kirked and filled in with sand.

I. H. SPENCER,
LEWELLYN LYNCH, } Committee.
WM. H. BROWN.
July 10, 1839. 75—

A. J. DAVIE will sail for England in July, and will purchase BLOOD STOCK for any one wishing to improve their Horses, Cattle or Sheep.

Letters addressed to him at Hillsbo-
rough, N. C. will be attended to.
June 19. 75—

PROSPECTUS OF THE Hillsborough Recorder,

PUBLISHED BY D. HEARTY.

SINCE the enlargement of the Recor-
der, considerable accessions have been
made to the subscription list, and the
Editor has been encouraged to hope that
he was about to receive such an amount of
patronage as would not only compensate
him for his arduous and unceasing labors,
but enable him further to improve the ap-
pearance and add to the usefulness of his
paper. But to realize this hope, the as-
sistance of his friends is required. He has
perfect confidence in the justice of the
cause and the soundness of the prin-
ciples which he advocates; and having
truth for his polar star, he has never
wavered nor faltered, even in the darkest
hour. He believes that the entire Whig
party are actuated by the same purity of
motive, and in their determination to pre-
serve undiminished their high principles,
are animated by a zeal not less fervent
than his own. The rich legacy which
was won for us by the active hands and
strong arms of the Whigs of the Revolution,
the Whigs of the present day know
can be preserved only by untiring watch-
fulness and jealous guardianship. Unity
of principle and feeling is calculated to
produce unity of action. The Editor of the
Recorder therefore trusts that all true-
hearted Whigs will co-operate with him,
by assisting in the maintenance of the cir-
culation of his paper.

Those of his fellow citizens who dif-
fer with the Editor on some of the ques-
tions of general policy, are assured that in
the discussion of all political subjects, he
will endeavor to be candid and fair.

Not set down ought to be omitted.

but in truth and soberness to do justice
to all parties. A large portion of the co-
lums of the Recorder will be devoted to
entertaining Miscellany, Moral Essays,
Agriculture, and articles of Domestic and
Foreign Intelligence; and amid this vari-
ety it is hoped that all will find matter to
amuse and instruct.

The terms of subscription to the Re-
corder are as heretofore—two dollars and
fifty cents in advance, or three dollars at
the end of the year.

July 3. 77—

From the Yankee Farmer
FARMERS.

The occupation of Farming not incompatible with Greatness. It is an incontrovertible fact, that a large majority of the greatest men of all ages have been farmers. Warriors, senators, and even a great number of the most eminent literary men, have been brought up farmers, and spent the earlier part of their lives in the cultivation of the earth! The occupation of farming seems peculiarly calculated for the formation of great minds, and, although many are too much inclined to look upon the cultivators of the earth as inferior to other classes in point of intelligence; yet we shall find upon more minute examination, that it is among them the greatest minds have been matured and the greatest geniuses developed. This is not only the case in our own country, and at the present time, but it has always been the case in all countries and at all ages. The statesman, whose mind was to direct the future affairs of his country, had his power developed, strengthened, and matured in the simple occupation of tilling the soil; the warrior, whose arm was to lead his country's armies through dangers and difficulties to victory and glory, has had that arm made strong and invincible by application to agricultural employments; and the poet whose inspiration was to be the wonder and admiration of future ages, has caught that inspiration amidst rural scenes, and that too while giving his attention to agricultural pursuits. To prove the above assertions, we need only appeal to facts.

If we extend our view back beyond the records of profane history, where we can have no knowledge of the condition of mankind but from the sacred pages of the Bible, we shall find nearly all the distinguished men of those times were farmers. Moses himself was called from agricultural pursuits to lead the Israelites to the promised land. Elisha forsook the plough to be the prophet of his people, and Gideon left the threshing floor to lead the armies of his country to battle. Coming down to the first authentic records of profane history, we find that farming was nearly the sole employment of the most celebrated men. One of our greatest poets says,

"In ancient times the sacred plough employed The kings and awful fathers of mankind."
This is true. Kings have left the reins of government to guide the more easily managed plough. The statesmen of Greece and Rome were farmers. The greatest warriors and the greatest poets of those countries were also farmers. We need not mention the names of any, as every one who is the least conversant with the history of those countries will readily admit the truth of what we have said.

If we call to mind the history of our own country, the names of a Washington, a Jefferson, a Marshall, a Gates, a Putnam, and a hundred others which we might mention, will demonstrate to us that the men of whom we are justly proud were farmers, and the greatest men of this day are farmers.

If then, the greatest men of all times have originated from that class called farmers, ought it not to be considered one of the first and most honorable employments? It is the farmers that emphatically form the bulwark of every nation; in proportion as this class of the community is elevated and enlightened, the country flourishes, and in proportion as it is oppressed and degraded, the glory of the country wanes and departs.

"A bold yeomanry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."
N. H. A.

Gray, June, 1839.

Interesting Extract.—"And this is the Dead Sea, and below these dark waters are the sites, perhaps the ruins of Sodom and Gomorrah, such as when the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace. There is a tale, that nothing living, not even a bird can ever cross this sea. But there is no need of imaginary stories, to heighten the desolation of the scene, and we, as well as other travellers, can testify to its incurability, by our own observations. We believe that its waters are unfavorable to animal life; and though a shell or two may be occasionally picked up upon the shore, yet these have been probably brought down by the Jordan. The water is excessively bitter and poisonous; and if additional evidence were wanting, we also could testify to its great gravity, and to the buoyancy of the human body, when immersed in it. It is only by much exertion, and for a very short time, that any one can get up and remain below the surface.

We went from here to the Jordan, and struck the river where, tradition says, the children of Israel passed over, when they first entered the Land of Promise. On the west side is a low bottom, and on the east a high sandy bluff, and the shores of the river are covered with aquatic bushes. The water was thick and turbid, the current rapid, and too deep to be forded, for "Jordan overflowed all his banks, all the time of harvest." And here did cross the Jewish nation, over this turbulent stream, "on dry ground, until all the people were passed clean over Jordan." And we followed their route to Jericho, the frontier city of the Canaanites, where "the people shouted with a great shout, that the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man might before him, and they took the city." There is no city now to take, nor are there any walls now to fall—there are a few miserable hovels, made of rude stones and mud, and ruined walls of a building of the middle ages, where the wretched Arabi barrow, rather than live, Jericho has disappeared as com-

pletely as her rival cities, which sunk before the wrath of the Almighty. And it requires an effort to be satisfied that here the great miracle, which attended the entrance of the Jews into Canaan, was performed, though the truth of the denunciation is before the eyes of the traveller; "Cursed be the man before the Lord, that raiseth up and buildeth this city Jericho."

Thus speaks L. Case, American Minister at Paris, who, in August, 1838, stood upon the shore of the Dead Sea, traversed the track-way of the Israelites through the wilderness, and noted the places of their passages across the Red Sea.

From the Methodist Protestant Letter Press.

CHRISTIANITY—ITS ORIGIN.
Christianity claims a Divine origin. Is this claim true, or false?—just or unjust? We intend no argument. We only assert our faith in its Divinity. Millions have done the same. So—says the objector—have millions believed in every religion, however absurd and hurtful. But such millions! Never! Such wisdom, and holiness, and happiness and usefulness, as render homage to Christianity, never gave credence to imposture. They never will. They never can. These attributes of the finished Christian character are peculiar. They exist only in the persons of those who acknowledge the supreme authority of the system. And it may be added that they are most profoundly assured of its origin who combine these excellences in the greatest degree.

We cannot but express our astonishment that any remain undecided in relation to this great question. Is Christianity a Divine revelation—or, a human invention? They have no opinion. How is this? Are they incapable of forming opinions?—and without opinions? No—they will talk eloquently all the day long and all the year round in defence of innumerable convictions of little moment; but upon the subject of religion, the only one in respect of which it is inexorable to want an opinion, they are entirely unsettled.

We are astonished, because of the nature of the question. Compared with others, it is the first and last, and only important question in the world. What art thou? An atom—startled a moment with electric excitement? Or, the immortal image and heir of an infinitely perfect God? Thousands have no answer!

We are astonished, because of the evidence of the truth. They are so accessible, so clear, so numerous, so various, so harmonious and so overpowering. If there were nothing but the Bible, that is the very Temple of the Spirit; in which the humblest may commune with the Highest—growing more and more glorious with the radiance, and more and more assured by the inspirations of truth and love. Dost thou read the Bible? Even to this interrogation, the reply of many is seen rather than heard. But they are not hopeless, who blush.

We are astonished, too, on account of the cause of this indecision. Are there not some, who think of the question daily, and acknowledge its unequalled interest, but are still in doubt?—wilt thou doubt, indolent doubt, disgraceful doubt, distracting doubt? There can be no doubt that this condition is the result of efforts, on the part of the poor, fallen, feeble spirit, to excuse its neglect of the means of everlasting redemption. Why dost thou doubt? Because thou art unwilling to obey. Is not this the right response? Remember—"If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." Surely it deserves this practical test. No one ever made the experiment in vain.

But the eagle is fastened to the earth. He has nearly forgotten, and therefore, nearly forfeited his birth-right. He is fond of the grass and the flowers; and shrinks from the pain of the struggle that would break the cord which binds him. His spirit droops. His plumes drag. He fears that he can not soar—because he will not. Alas for the pious whose right should freshen in the highest and purest, the coolest and calmest air, with the gloom of the storm below and the glory of the sun above them!

But the cause. If this be, so already intimated, a reluctance to obey the truth, it demands rebuke—severe rebuke. Yet what shall we say? To their own Master they must give their own account. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" Ignorance may be overlooked—but perversity must be punished. "The times of ignorance God winked at; but now"—this ancient and general extenuation having been broken by the gospel—"commandeth all men every where to repent; because He hath appointed a day, in the which He will judge the world in righteousness, by that man whom He hath ordained; whereof He hath given assurance unto all men, in that He hath raised him from the dead."

Native Talent.—The New Yorker, a highly respectable literary periodical, published in the great Emporium, contains a spirited review of the "Southern Literary Messenger" for June. Among other remarks, is the following:

"Character of Media.—A grand, a noble paper, exhibiting that fine scholarship and pure classical taste, which have so marked the papers on similar topics in Blackwood. In this working age, we come upon such a paper, with as much pleasurable surprise, as we should feel in encountering the ruins of a Grecian Temple on the site of a new city in the West."

This is high praise, but what gratifies us in the matter is, that the article in the "Messenger," on the character of Media, is from the pen of a Graduate of our University, at the late Commencement—a resident of Fayetteville. Register.

Junto Academy.

THIS Institution, twelve miles north-west from Hillsborough, Orange County, N. C. and six miles north of Mount Airy, enjoys a location in the midst of an agreeable neighborhood, surrounded by a pleasant country, which an exceedingly pure and salubrious atmosphere, a peaceful seclusion and other important advantages, combine to render peculiarly eligible and inviting. Here the student is invited, by the prospect of study, uninterrupted by ill health, and those other causes which frequently so much retard the progress of youth. Here the path to virtue and honorable distinction lies open before him, with few, but rural allurements, to withdraw him from the pursuit, with comparatively few temptations to lead him astray.

The student who comes here is forthwith incorporated into a family, which hitherto, has been a contented and happy one; over whom a parental government is exercised, and a vigilant eye kept. He immediately becomes the subject of all a father's solicitude, exertions and anxieties.

As is designed that this institution shall be a classical school of the highest grade, classical literature constitutes a distinct department, under the immediate and particular supervision of the Principal himself. Ample provisions are made to prepare students for any of the Universities of the country, or to impart to those who design only to take an academical course, a thorough acquaintance with classical literature.

The English department, which is separate and distinct, is under the direction of an efficient and competent instructor; so that all requisite facilities are afforded for the prosecution of such English studies as are generally prosecuted in Academies of the highest grade.

The Principal is now making extensive additions to his accommodations for boarders, so that in a short time rooms will be open for 18 or 20 boarders. Good board can also be procured in the neighborhood.

Tuition in the Classical Department, per session of five months, \$12 50.

English Department, \$8 per session. Board per month, exclusive of lights, \$7 50. The present session will end on the 15th of June next.

The next session will commence on the 15th of July.

Those who may wish to correspond with the Principal of this Academy, will please to address him as Postmaster at Junto.

D. W. KERR.

April 16 63—

Stray.

STRAYED from the subscriber, living on Stony Creek, Orange County, a small PILLEY three years old, with a small blaze in the face, mane mostly on the left side, tail about a knife, one hind foot white, four feet nine or ten inches high. Any information concerning said filly will be thankfully received. The filly left about the first of April.

GEORGE DICKEY.

May 8. 63—

PROSPECTUS OF THE CASKET, AND Philadelphia Monthly Magazine.

CHANGE OF PROPRIETORS.

THE subscribers having purchased of Mr. S. C. Atkinson the well known Monthly Magazine entitled the Casket, have determined to make some respects to alter the character of the periodical. It has for a long time been subject of complaint that the articles which appeared in the Saturday Evening Post were regularly transferred to the pages of the Casket, and consequently that the readers of the one lost all interest in the other. To obviate this difficulty, and to render the Magazine in all respects what its extensive circulation demands, the subscribers have at some pains and much expense, secured regular contributions to the work, and consequently hereafter the Casket will stand upon its own basis, and they have determined that no exertions shall be wanting to make it the most desirable Magazine in the country.

The aim of the Editors will be to produce a publication which shall at once be valuable in matter, and choice in taste and style; and they flatter themselves, from the known talents of their contributors, that they will be able to present as many good original articles to their readers as any publication of the day. They shall not, however, hesitate from time to time, to publish articles from English authors, and translations from the best German and French authors, provided the pieces have never before appeared in print in this country. Essays on important subjects will likewise be inserted, and criticism on the literature of America and the age. A review department will accompany the Magazine, in which a large and liberal spirit of criticism will always be maintained. For the defence of American literature the editors will always be ready, and for the maintenance of a current taste they will, if possible, be still more watchful.

Each number will contain an engraving from a Splendid Steel Plate, procured at a great cost, and illustrating an accompanying tale. An approved piece of Music, arranged for the Piano Forte or Guitar will appear in every number.

The May number, which was the first issued by the new proprietors, having met with a flattering reception, the subscribers have the more pleasure in informing the readers that the June number will be in every respect superior to the last, containing a Splendid Steel Engraving of the Sun at Setting, with a accompanying sketch of thrilling interest.

The July number will be the commencement of a new volume, when a new type, and finer paper, and a better page will be adopted. The Casket contains three sheets, and is therefore, at two dollars and fifty cents a year, the cheapest Magazine in America. In consequence of this low price, however, no subscription will be received unless paid in advance. This rule is absolutely necessary, and cannot be dispensed with.

The present subscribers who have paid in advance will be served as usual, and those who are now in arrears, or do not remit prior to the end of the present volume, will be necessarily discontinued. The Casket will be printed and issued as usual, at No. 36 Carter's Alley, where all orders paid, will be attended to. Communications must be addressed to the editors at the same place.

Editors who may see this advertisement, are requested to give it as many insertions as may be convenient, and forward a copy (marked with ink) to the office, and directed, (which will save postage), to the "Post," which courtesy will be promptly acknowledged by an exchange.

TERMS.—\$2 50 per annum. To clubs, five copies yearly for ten dollars, invariably in advance.

G. R. GRAHAM & Co.

P. S. Postmasters and others who have heretofore acted as agents for the Casket, will please continue to act in that capacity for the new proprietors.

Philadelphia, May, 1839. 73—

BLANKS for sale at this Office.

Attention!

To the Commissioned and Non-Commissioned Officers and Musicians belonging to the 2nd Orange Regiment of North Carolina Militia.

YOU are hereby notified and ordered to attend at Captain George B. Morrow's, on Friday the 26th day of July next, at 11 o'clock, equipped as the law directs, for drill muster and court martial; and on Saturday the 27th, at 11 o'clock, you will attend with your respective companies, armed and equipped as the law directs, for battalion exercise.

WM. SHAW, Lieut. Col.
June 25. 76—

To the Fashionable World.

The Latest Fashions JUST RECEIVED.

MR. LEVIN CASHMERE has the pleasure of announcing to his friends and the public generally, that he has just returned from the North, from whence he has furnished himself with the latest Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York SPRING AND SUMMER FASHIONS; and is prepared to have work executed accordingly, having first rate Northern Workmen.

The faithfulness with which he has heretofore endeavored to have executed with taste and despatch the work put into his hands, he hopes will be a sufficient guarantee that no pains will be spared to please those who may now favor him with their custom.

Persons from a distance who may order work, may expect it to be done with the same promptness as if individually present. All orders will be faithfully executed.

May 2. 63—

Fashionable Tailoring.

NEW SPRING & SUMMER FASHIONS.

Mr. Robert F. Pleasants, WOULD respectfully return thanks to the generous public who have heretofore favored him with their custom; and informs them that he has just received the latest and most approved Spring and Summer Fashions, and is well prepared to execute work in his line, in

A SUPERIOR STYLE,

promising despatch, neatness, and durability. No pains will be spared on his part to please those who may patronize him. His friends and the public generally, are respectfully solicited to give him a call. It is not his disposition to measure words of promise, or to cut out ideas to please the fancy—but the plain threat of his advertisement presents the testimonials of truth, which will be fitted up to the letter.

His Shop is directly opposite the Post Office, and two doors above the Farmer's Hotel.

Orders from a distance punctually attended to.

Hillsborough, May 24, 1839. 711f

Moffat's Life Pills,

AND PHENIX BITTERS.

HE universal estimation in which the celebrated LIFE PILLS and PHENIX BITTERS are held, is satisfactorily demonstrated by the increasing demand for them in every state and section of the Union, and by the voluntary testimonials to their remarkable efficacy which are every where offered. It is not less a deeply gratifying confidence that they are the means of extensive and irrefragable good among his afflicted fellow creatures, than the most instructed consideration, that the proprietor of these pre-eminent successful medicines is desirous of keeping them constantly before the public eye. The sale of every additional box and bottle is a guarantee that some person will be relieved from a greater or less degree of suffering, and be improved in general health; for in no case of suffering from disease can they be taken in vain. The proprietor has never known nor been informed of an instance in which they have failed to do good.

In the most obstinate cases of chronic diseases, such as chronic dyspepsia, torpid liver, rheumatism, asthma, nervous and bilious head ache, costiveness, piles, general debility, scrofulous swellings and ulcers, scurvy, salt rheum, and all other chronic affections of the organs and membranes, they effect cures with a rapidity and permanency which few persons would theoretically believe, but to which thousands have testified from happy experience. In colds and coughs, which, if neglected, superinduce the most fatal diseases of the lungs, and indeed of the viscera in general, these medicines, if taken but for three or four days, never fail.

Taken at night, they so promote the insensible perspiration, and so relieve the system of febrile action and febrile obstructions, as to produce a most delightful sense of coolness in the morning; and though the usual symptoms of a cold should partially return during the day, the repetition of a suitable dose at the next hour of bed-time will almost invariably effect permanent relief, without further aid. Their effect upon fevers of a more acute and violent kind is not less sure and speedy; if taken in proportionable quantity, and persons willing to bed with a summery temperature, the most alarming kind, will break with the glowing consciousness that the fierce enemy has been overthrown, and can easily be subdued. In the same way, visceral inflammation, though long established, will yield to the former to small and the latter to large doses of the Life Pills; and so also hysterical affections, hypochondria, melancholia, and very many other varieties of the Neurotic class of diseases, yield to the efficacy of the Life Pills. Full directions for the use of these medicines, and showing their distinctive applicability to different complaints, are appended; and they can be obtained, wholesale and retail, at 367 Broadway, where numerous certificates of their unqualified success are always open to inspection.

For further particulars of the above Medicines see the "Good Samaritan," a copy of which accompanies each box and bottle; a copy may also be had on application to the Agent. French, German, and Spanish directions can be obtained on application at the office, 367 Broadway.

All post paid letters will receive immediate attention.

Sold wholesale and retail by WILLIAM B. MOFFAT, 367 Broadway, New York. A liberal deduction made to those who purchase to sell again.

The Life Medicines may all be had of the principal druggists in every town throughout the United States and the Canada. Ask for Moffat's Life Pills and Phoenix Bitters; and be sure that a fac simile of John Moffat's signature is upon the label of each bottle of bitters or box of pills.

The above medicines are for sale at the Office of the Hillsborough Recorder—where a constant supply will be kept.

D. HEARTT, Agent.

May 2. 66—



Just Received A LARGE SUPPLY OF SPRING GOODS

O. F. LONG & Co.

HAVE just received, and now offer for sale at their old stand, their Spring Supply, consisting of every variety of Goods usually kept by the merchants of this place, viz:

A Large and General Assortment of Dry Goods, &c.

COMPRISING CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, Satinets, FRENCH, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PRINTS, PRINTED LAWNS & MUSLINS, Black & Coloured Silks, &c. &c. &c.

ALSO Hardware and Cutlery, Shot Guns, Hats, and Shoes, Bonnets, Crockery, Cotton Yarn, School Books, Stationery

All of which they will sell at the lowest price for Cash, or on a short credit to punctual dealers only.

April 18. 63—

NEW WATCHES, Jewellery, &c. &c.



THE subscriber, having just returned from Philadelphia, where he has been to procure articles in his line of business, has the pleasure of offering to his friends, and the public generally, a handsome and excellent assortment of

Gold and Silver Levers, PLAIN AND VERGE WATCHES.

Fine Gold Chains, Breast Pins, Ear Rings, Finger Rings, Pencils, Silver Tea and Table Spoons, Music Boxes, Knives, &c. &c.

Also, a good assortment of Perfumery. All of which, being selected by himself, he can promise will be found excellent articles.

Particular attention will be given to the repair of Watches committed to his charge; and all work put into his hands will be executed with reasonable despatch.

LEMUEL LYNCH.

April 1. 63—

BETHMONT Female Academy.

THE exercises of this institution, (twelve miles south west from Hillsborough), will commence on the first day of February, and will continue without intermission for two seasons; the vacation will be given in the months of December and January. The price of tuition is eight dollars a session; Drawing and Painting five dollars extra. The increase of this school is a sufficient evidence of the general satisfaction which Mrs. Morrow has given in the management of her school, and we hesitate not to say, that those who wish to give their daughters a liberal education would do well to confide them to her care.

Board, five dollars a month.

THOS. D. OLDHAM, JAMES THOMPSON, ELIJAH PICKARD.

December 22. 51—

The Semi-Weekly Whig.

THE first number of the Semi-Weekly edition of The New York Whig is herewith submitted to the public. It will be regularly published henceforth every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, on a sheet of the size of the Daily Whig and half the size of the Weekly, and forwarded by the earliest mails to their patrons. It will contain all the matter of the Daily Whig except the advertisements, and be afforded at the low price of Three Dollars per annum in advance. It is believed that this is the cheapest Semi-Weekly paper in the country.

The character of the New York Whig—Daily and Weekly—is now widely known. It has been published about sixteen months, and in that brief period has acquired an extensive circulation, and we trust, a fair standing among its contemporaries. It aims to present in a medium sheet an amount of reading matter fully equal to the average of the Great Dailies of New York and our other Commercial cities. Its contents will comprise Literature, Politics and General Intelligence, in about equal proportions. In the Literary Department, no great pretensions are made to originality, but the best repositories of Foreign and American Literature are open to its contributors, and they endeavor to select therefrom a varied and interesting banquet. In General Intelligence, we hope to be neither behind nor inferior to our immediate contemporaries. In Politics, our journal will be all that its name purports—fearlessly, zealously, and we trust, efficiently, Whig. Experienced pens are enlisted in its service, and we trust that it will render good service to the country in the advocacy of sound principles and good measures, and the fearless exposure of the iniquities, corruptions and ruinous tendencies of Loco Focoism.

Subscriptions are respectfully solicited by J. GREGG WILSON & CO., 162 Nassau Street.

New York, May 2. 73—

as we have available, to purchase, to buying or, instead of words, OFF STOCK.

Cloths, Cassimeres, &c. Persian Cloth, Bombazines, Crapes Camlets, French, English and American Prints, Printed I.A. NS and MUSLINS, Black, Blue-Black, and Coloured Silks, &c. &c. &c.

ALSO Hardware and Cutlery, Glass, Queensware, Crockery, and Stone Ware, Hats, Caps, Shoes, Bonnets, Cotton Yarn, Castings and Scythes Blades, Molasses, Sugar, Coffee, Powder, Shot, Nails, Window Glass, White Lead, &c. &c. &c.

And many other articles too numerous to mention. Call and see.

PARKER & NELSON.

April 18. 63—

Bonnets and Shoes.

THE subscribers have just received an additional supply of Bonnets and Shoes, which, with their former stock, comprises a General Assortment.

PARKER & NELSON.

May 14. 70—

Important to Wheat Growers.

THE subscriber owns the right of making and vending Samuel S. Allen's Portable Horse Power and Threshing Machine, in the counties of Guilford, Caswell, Person, and Orange, in North Carolina, and Pittsylvania, in Virginia, and is now prepared to furnish them of superior quality, with the addition of composition boxes to the shafts. Price \$175.

Upwards of a dozen of these machines were put in operation by him the past year, all of which gave entire satisfaction to the purchasers, and as an additional evidence of their superiority, it can be shown that this machine secured the first premium for three successive years, at the fair of the American Institute in New York.

Orders addressed to him, Milton, N. C. will be promptly attended to.

C. H. RICHMOND.

Milton June 8. 73—

FARMER'S HOTEL.



Mr. Richison Nichols

HAS taken charge of this well known establishment, and is prepared to accommodate Travellers in a comfortable manner. Stage passengers will find it very convenient, as it is directly opposite the Post Office.

Regular Boarders will be received on accommodating terms.

August 15. 38—

Boarding House.

A FEW regular Boarders can be accommodated by the subscriber, at the old stand of John Faddie, deceased. Persons desiring it can also be accommodated during Court week.

THOMAS D. CRAIN.

February 25. 80—

Forwarding Agency.

THE subscribers inform the Merchants of the interior, that they are still engaged in the Forwarding way, and trust that with the facilities and experience they now possess in the transaction of this business, to merit the patronage heretofore conferred. They have large Ware Houses at the river and in town, for the reception of forwarding Goods from other buildings, and comparatively safe from fire.

WILKINGS & BELDEN.

Refer to Messrs. CAY & HOSKINS, Hillsborough.

April 8. 63—

WILLIAM W. GRAY'S Invaluable OINTMENT, FOR THE CURE OF External Diseases, viz:

Whooping Cough, Scrofula and other Tumors, Sore Legs and Ulcers, Old and Fresh Wounds, Sprains and Bruises, Swellings and Inflammations, Scalds and Burns, Women's Sore Breasts, Scald Head, Rheumatic Pains, Chills, Tetters, Eruptions, Biles, Whitlows, and a most effectual remedy for the removal of Corns.

Also, Beckwith's Anti-Dispeptic Pills. FOR SALE BY ALLEN PARKS.

September 8. 33—

Mail Arrangement.

ALL letters intended to go by either of the stages, should be lodged in the Post Office before 8 o'clock, P. M.

HOMAS CLANCY, P. M.

April 26. 67—

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C. PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY DENNIS HEARTT,

AT THREE DOLLARS A YEAR, OR TWO DOLLARS FIFTY CENTS IF PAID IN ADVANCE.

Those who do not give notice of their wish to have their paper discontinued at the expiration of the year, will be presumed as desiring its continuance until countermanded. And no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

Advertisements not exceeding sixteen lines one dollar for the first, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion; longer ones in proportion. Court advertisements twenty-five per cent higher. A deduction of 33 1/3 per cent. will be made to advertisers by the year.